











A KEY TO  
LORD TENNYSON'S  
"IN MEMORIAM"

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AND  
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**Dedication.**

**TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE MOTHER  
OF MY CHILDREN, I DEDICATE THIS BRIEF  
LABOUR OF LOVE.—A. G.**





## PREFACE.

WHEN any one has survived the allotted age of man, there is a long past to remember, and a short future to expect ; and it is the period of youth which is then found most clearly recorded on the tablets of the brain—the days, probably, of school and college, and the first establishment of a self-made home.

Middle life, with its work and anxieties, is by comparison only feebly retained ; as though there had been found no room for fuller records on the preoccupied mind. But, in the indistinct interval of forty or fifty years, the loss by death of those whom we have loved cannot be forgotten ; and when one dearer than any friend is also taken

away, then, under such bereavement, may be found an amount of comfort and support in the Poet Laureate's *In Memoriam* which no other secular writing can supply.

To me, this Poem has been an additional buttress to the faith, which my education and sacred profession had sustained.

When a great mind, at once so speculative and so untrammelled, runs over the whole field of thought, and comes to the conviction that the hope of the Christian is the one sure prospect beyond the grave ; this imparts to the mourner a consolation, to which nothing earthly can compare.

My own interest in this great Poem has been farther enhanced by the fact that I and mine, long years ago, enjoyed friendly intercourse with the Poet at Freshwater ; and this was afterwards renewed in the lives of his younger son and mine.

The incidents of the Poem have also slightly touched me, inasmuch as I was a contemporary of Arthur H. Hallam, at

Eton; and I was in Chapman's house, at Charterhouse, with Edmund Law Lushington, when he was, at a very early age, captain of the school. The associates of Hallam's schooldays I well recall, for they included several who became eminent in the service of the state, and in the ranks of literature; and most of these have now passed away. *In Memoriam* has thus, in a measure, been the means of recalling my own early youth; and I have felt that the subject of the Poem befitted the study of my advanced life.

The scenery of *In Memoriam* being principally laid either at Somersby or Clevedon—the birth-place of the Poet or the burial-place of his friend—I had long been desirous of visiting these somewhat retired spots; and my wish has at length been gratified.

After sleeping at Horncastle, we drove six miles across a flat uninteresting country, where the fields betrayed signs of agricul-

tural depression, until a short steep descent brought us into a more sheltered and wooded region, where was the sound of running water ;<sup>a</sup> and the little old church, with its square stumpy moss-covered tower, told us that we were in the village of Somersby—

“ the well-beloved place  
Where first we gazed upon the sky.”

And one could well fancy that the roomy comfortable residence, in which the Rev. Dr. Tennyson reared a large family, was a cherished home, and is still held in fond remembrance.

This house is not the Rectory, though for a long time it was so tenanted : it is rather the Manor House of the Burton family, who for centuries<sup>b</sup> have owned the land and been patrons of the living. The

<sup>a</sup> The brook alone far off was heard.” P. xcv. s. s. D

<sup>b</sup> In Bag Enderby Church is a stone memorial tablet to the Burton family, let into the wall, and dated 1592. Upon it are carved, in bold relief, parents and children in a kneeling posture. It has a Latin motto, signifying, that all begins with the dust of the earth, and ends with it.

present possessor now occupies it, and he received our visit of interested enquiry with much courtesy and kindness.

The house stands a little back from the road, with a drive to the door which may be called the front entrance; though the principal rooms are behind, and look into the garden. Here are the

“Witch-elms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;”

and the lawn may still be called *flat*, (see note, page 96), though it slopes slightly downward with the natural leaning of the ground. The four poplars have been blown down.

Beyond the lawn stretches the garden, and yet a little farther is a pond, on which, they say, the young inhabitants of the pseudo-Rectory learned to skate. The largest room in this Manor House was added by Dr. Tennyson: it is the dining-room, with an open groined roof; and the

walls of it are now covered with apparently old paintings—heirlooms, one may suppose, of the Burton family.

In the centre of the hamlet, where three roads meet, with a guide-post directing the wayfarer to Louth, Horncastle, and Alford, there stands a fine witch-elm ; and at Bag Enderby, also in the middle of the road, is another still larger witch-elm, with a huge arm that craves support. Both these trees were carried and planted, about a century ago, by the grandfather of Mr. Burton, the present proprietor of the estate.

Somersby and Bag Enderby are hamlets about one quarter of a mile apart, and are held by one Rector, who now resides at the latter place. Their ancient churches are structures of more strength than beauty ; and though neither of them is larger than a good sized chamber, it quite suffices for the few inhabitants. At both churches we found the key in the door, and could therefore investigate the sacred buildings

at our leisure; and coming from a populous manufacturing district, with a grand mediæval parish church, we found the contrast very striking.

Somersby churchyard adjoins the road, but the ground is higher. The first object which greets you on entering through a short shaded path, is a most remarkable crucifix, which has fortunately escaped the hand of Puritan violence. On a thin stone shaft, which is at least twelve feet high, there is the carved figure of our Lord on the Cross, still plainly traceable; and behind is a full-length draped female figure. This antique gem is sheltered under a narrow-pointed roof of stone. It is a curious and rare memorial of ante-Reformation times; and within the porch there is a contemporary relic—a shallow stone basin for holy water—which still seems to invite the finger to dip, and mark the holy sign. Over the porch entrance is a plain dial with the motto, "Time passeth."



The interior of the church has lost something of the primitive character that still reigns at Enderby : there has been a partial restoration : both nave and chancel are now floored with coloured tiles; and the old pews have been superseded by open sittings of red pine. There is a plain solid font lined with lead ; and having seen the chamber in which the great Poet was born, we could not help thinking that *here* was the birth-place of that name,\* which not even his well-earned peerage will ever obliterate.

Over the porch door inside are the royal arms, and at the west end two bell ropes depend, which are the means of summoning the few worshippers to the Sunday service. In the *sacrarium* is a small brass, showing a kneeling figure and an armorial shield, dedicated to George Littlebury, 1612. A more modern marble

\* The name is happily preserved in his patent of nobility, which runs thus : " Alfred, 1st Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the County of Sussex."

monument, to one of the Burtons, is fixed on the wall near the pulpit.

The exterior of the church shows strong coarse stone masonry, which is here and there repaired and patched by local art with bricks. In the small graveyard are two altar tombs, which drew our attention. They seem to cover a vault, and are railed round ; and the inscription on one records that Dr. Tennyson held the livings of Somersby, Bag Enderby, Benniworth, and Great Grimsby, and that he died on 16th March, 1831, aged 52.\* Wild violets were in flower encircling the base of this tomb. A successor was buried near, the Rev. L. B. Burton, who had held the two adjoining benefices for more than forty years.

Immediately opposite the church, and closely adjacent to the Manor House, is a very remarkable building, of considerable

\* About the time of Dr Tennyson's death, the population of Somersby was 61, the church accommodation 60, and the annual value of the benefice £98. The population of Bag Enderby was 125, church accommodation 100, and value £92.

architectural pretension; as will be credited when it is told that Sir J. Vanbrugh designed it! It is entirely composed of brick—sombre and solid in character—it has a flat roof and is battlemented. If differently placed, it might have suggested Mariana's "Moated Grange." It is an edifice of more exterior grandeur than the adjoining Manor House, and the rooms are lined with oak panelling; but it is unsuited to the habits of modern life, and now stands empty.

The village of Enderby is, like its sister hamlet, absolutely rural, with an antiquated little church, much needing such material repair as times and circumstances do not seem to allow. It is dedicated to S. Margaret, and has a fine old font, octagonal in shape, and each side has rudely carved figures upon it. The flat modern ceiling cuts off the point of the chancel arch, and the same disfigurement occurs at the west end, where the two bells are rung from the

floor. In neither village did we see either a nonconformist chapel or a public-house.

In giving some account of Clevedon, I would tell how my own interest in the subject of this little work has drawn forth the friendly notice of one who fully participates in all the enthusiasm and admiration that *In Memoriam* can excite.

Edward Malan, himself a fine scholar and son of a most scholarly father, has greatly assisted me, especially with classical illustrations of the text ; and as he visited Clevedon before I went there, and has described Hallam's burial-place so appreciatively, I shall freely use his words when I come to that part of my subject.

How the friendship came about which has found such undying record in this Poem, is soon told. Alfred Tennyson and Arthur H. Hallam met, as undergraduates, at Trinity College, Cambridge, about the year 1828. Tennyson, born in 1809, was the older by one year and a half. Both

these young men were inheritors of remarkable ability—the one being a son of the distinguished historian, and the other a son of an accomplished divine—both, too, were themselves highly educated, and one at least was possessed of the highest genius. Their friendship was not founded on a common participation in the ordinary interests of youth, but they sympathized in poetical temperament and philosophical taste. The mental stature of Hallam, and his pure and beautiful disposition in their college life, are recalled by the Poet in many places, but especially in Poems cix. and following.

In 1829, the two friends competed for the Chancellor's gold medal for the English Prize Poem, the subject being "Timbuctoo," and Tennyson gained it. This College intimacy was continued at both their homes, and Hallam became engaged in marriage to one of Tennyson's sisters. This alliance may have deepened the attachment of the friends; but was not

needed to account for the survivor writing of the departed as "more than my brothers are to me."

Arthur Hallam took his degree at Cambridge in January, 1832, and then lived with his father in London; having been entered on the boards of the Inner Temple, as a student of Law. At the beginning of August, 1833, they went a short tour into Germany, and, in returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day caused a slight attack of intermittent fever in Arthur, which was apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life, on the 15th September, 1833.

A subsequent "examination showed a weakness of the cerebral vessels, and a want of sufficient energy in the heart."

Mr. Hallam adds this sad tribute to his son's memory: "Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears, and whose hopes on this side the tomb are broken down for

ever, may cling, as well as they can, to the poor consolation of believing that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form, with the pure spirit it enshrined. The remains of Arthur were brought to England, and interred on the 3rd January, 1834, in the *chancel*\* of Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton; a place selected not only from the connexion of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel."

My friend, Edward Malan, gives the following graphic account of his visit to Hal-  
lam's grave—

"The chief attraction for visitors to Clevedon is the obscure and solitary parish church of St. Andrew, where the great his-

\* The use of this word misled the Poet himself, who has since exchanged the term "*chancel*" for "*dark church*."

torian and his eldest son, Arthur Hallam, are interred. You seek it by the beach and through the fields, and you find it at last, an old and lonely church beside the sea, in a hollow between two green headlands. The path up to it, bordered with ash trees and hawthorns, winds along the side of Church Hill, the first of the two headlands, which shuts it from view until, rounding a green shoulder, you come suddenly upon it, like a ghost. Even then, unless you have brought a mind in harmony, there is little to see, for the spot is so deserted and so lifeless that you seem to have stepped back through centuries, and to be moving in some old-world time. A weird sensation creeps over you, gazing on the ivy and wall-rue, and the path trodden by cottagers—a feeling akin to awe, which reminds you somehow of the poems of Ossian. You are in the presence of these three grey sisters, grey thought, grey silence, grey repose: only clouds, like a troop of mourners,



hurrying up over the waste, only a solemn dirge as the wind sweeps wailing by, only the low faint murmur of the sea. The sun's last beams are on the distant hills, and the tide is ebbing dim and shadowy to the shadowy ocean beyond.

"Inside, the church is old and dim, and filled with a faint odour of age. As the wind rises, mysterious pulses of sound awaken in the rafters overhead. The monuments of the Hallams are not in the chancel, but they are in the manor aisle affixed to the western wall. There are four of them, Arthur Hallam's being one of the two centre tombs.

"A new organ now stands on the vault. The familiar names—familiar, that is, in the classical sense—are those of the Elton family, Hallam's relations. A memorial brass near at hand bears the name of Hallam's maternal grandfather, the Rev. Sir Abraham Charles Elton, fifth baronet, together with the names of the four pre-

ceding baronets ; and a marble tablet, close to the site of the old family pew, records the death by drowning of Hallam's two cousins, Abraham and Charles, in 1819, at Weston-super-Mare, when Hallam himself was eight years old. This unhappy occurrence has been commemorated by their father in an elegy entitled *The Brothers*. The moon, when high in the heavens (24 Dec. 1882), strikes through the south window of the aisle, slanting-wise on the monuments of the dead."

Mr. Malan goes on wisely to say : "No apology is necessary for calling attention to *In Memoriam*. It has become an heirloom. We may affirm of it, as has been affirmed of another great poem, that it was the work of the Poet's life, his favourite child, for which he stored up the riches of his science and the fruits of his inspiration. He carried it in his bosom like a lover's secret, and added to it from time to time as the tide of sorrow ebbed and flowed.

If the insight thus gained into the workings of a great intellect, brought suddenly to the verge of sorrow, were all the reward that the poem offered, it would still be worth serious study. But we feel as we read that the man has not arrived at his view of truth without much labour, that we are witnessing an endeavour to escape from the coils of doubt, and that we have a victor who has faced and fought his troubles and difficulties."

I may state that we had an interesting conversation with the sexton at Clevedon, Augustus James. He had held the office for about eighteen years, and perfectly remembered the interment of Arthur Hallam. His father, who was sexton for forty-three years, made the vault, and officiated at the burial.

Being astonished by the account of a hearse and mourning coaches traversing the whole distance from Dover to Clevedon, and employing sixteen horses for the

journey, I ventured to ask the late Sir A. H. Elton, if he could corroborate the report, and he replied: "I think there may have been some truth in the statement of the old sexton. I believe that on the Continent very great precautions are required by the authorities, before the remains of a deceased person are permitted to be removed from the place in which the death occurred. I can easily believe that the heavy amount of lead, and other precautions, rendered it necessary to use a large force of horses." A. James says, that "the coffin was carried in every night where they stopped."

Clevedon itself is a semi-seaside place, by no means interesting, at least as we saw it; for the water was thick and had none of the bold features of the genuine ocean. But Clevedon Court, the seat of Sir Edmund H. Elton, to whom we had an introduction, is a picturesque rambling mansion, of which the most beautiful part is many

centuries old, and the grounds are lovely. And I cannot pass by the interest and pleasure we derived from an insight into Sir Edmund's workshop, where, self-taught, he manufactures with his own hands, aided by a crippled lad who is his pupil, the beautiful pottery now well known to connoisseurs as the "Elton ware," and of which he kindly gave us a specimen.

Since this autumn visit (1884), which led to my appealing to Lady Lennard—a surviving sister of Arthur Hallam—on the point of obtaining a portrait of her brother, I have received from this lady the gift of a copy of the volume known as the "Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," edited by his father, and which was privately printed. The interest of its contents was much enhanced to me by there being a portrait of Arthur from a bust by Chantrey, which Lady Lennard considers most like her brother, and therefore most suitable as a frontispiece to my book.

I must add that the plate on which the portrait is engraved is in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, to whom was entrusted the production of the volume, and he has been most kind in affording facilities for my having a number of copies of the engraving.

But to no one am I so much indebted as to the late Lord Tennyson himself, who examined a previous edition of my "Key," and made some invaluable corrections, which are all printed in *italics*. I would not imply that I have now dived into the metaphysical depths of this marvellous poem; or that its author gave his *imprimatur* to all he did not alter; but as my "Key" was for some time in his possession, I feel sure that it contains nothing which he disapproved: and it is enough for me, if it shall open the door of comfort and sympathy to any who either mourn or doubt.

*"I, in these poems, is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him.  
A. T."*

## A KEY TO LORD TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

### I.

It may be stated, on the highest authority, that the special passage alluded to in the opening stanza, cannot be identified, but *it is Goethe's creed.*

St. Augustine wrote, that we can rise higher on the ladder of life, by trampling down our vices. His words, in a Sermon on the Ascension, are, *De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.*

Longfellow published a Poem, not earlier than 1842, which he called "The Ladder of St. Augustine;" and more recently, Lowell, another American Poet, and Minister Plenipotentiary in London, adopted a similar idea when he said,



"'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,  
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,  
Whereon our feet firm planting, nearer God  
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unseal'd."

The "dead selves" of Tennyson are neither our vices nor our calamities; but, rather, our general experiences, which all perish as they happen; and of these, in his own case, the special loss he had sustained in the death of Hallam (his "more than brother"—his *dimidium sui*, "bosom-friend and half of life") ought to rouse him to soar into "higher things;" rather than leave him to be pointed at, as "the man that loved and lost" (see Poems xxvii., 4, and lxxxv., 1); and all that he had before been, as now "over-worn," and prostrated by this one bereavement.

But it was difficult to anticipate in the future a gain to match the loss he had sustained; and to appropriate interest, *i.e.*, reap the fruit of tears that he was now shedding. Love, however, shall uphold his

grief with sustaining power ; for it is better to be grief-mad, and "dance with death" —(singing and dancing being a custom at ancient funerals)—than become a spectacle of scorn for "the victor Hours" to deride, after they have effaced his love-born sorrow.

## II.

But the struggle back to past contentment and happiness is difficult ; and the "Old Yew" of the churchyard seems to typify his present state of feeling.

Its roots and fibres stretch downward, and hold the skull and bones of the dead ; like as his thoughts cling to his departed friend. Its "dusk" or shadow is before the church clock,<sup>a</sup> which strikes the hours of mortality, and this harmonizes with his life of mourning.

• The tree preserves its "thousand years of gloom," unchanged by the seasons which

<sup>a</sup> The scene is not laid in Somersby Churchyard, as there is no clock in the Church tower.

affect other things—the “old yew” continues always the same—

“And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to fail from out my blood,  
And grow incorporate into thee.”

“Sick for” means, desirous of.

It might seem as if the Poet, whose scientific allusions are always so striking and correct, had overlooked, when he wrote this Poem, that the yew bore blossom and seed, like other trees: but it was not so. *Of course, the Poet always knew, that a tree which bears a berry must have a blossom; but Sorrow only saw the winter gloom of the foliage.*

Observe the recent introduction of Poem xxxix.; also the description, near the beginning of “The Holy Grail”—

“They sat  
Beneath a world-old yew tree, darkening half  
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
That puff’d the swaying branches into smoke.

\* O, brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,  
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years."

It will be seen, in the later Poem, how a comparison with the gloomy yew has been modified.

III.

"Sorrow, cruel fellowship," from which he cannot disengage himself, now reigns within him, and distorts with "lying lip" \* all Nature and her beneficent workings; making these seem to have no purpose or end. All which is but an echo of his own dark feelings. Shall he then believe this false guide—

"Embrace her as my natural good;  
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?"

reject, and turn away from the impostures of a sorrowing imagination?

\* Critics have regarded the term "lying lip" as too harsh; but in Poem xxxix. it is again applied to sorrow—

"What whisper'd from her lying lips?"

See also Psalm cxx. 2.

## IV.

In sleep there is no struggle of the will ; and he communes with his own heart, which is beating so low ; a condition that must be caused by a sense of "something lost."

"Break," he says, still addressing his heart, but in metaphor ;

"Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost."

This must refer to the scientific fact, that water can be lowered in temperature below the freezing point, without solidifying ; but it expands at once into ice if disturbed ; and the suddenness of the expansion breaks the containing vessel.

Clouds of undefined trouble, such as "dreams are made of," pass "below the darken'd eyes," that is, figure themselves on the brain under the eyelids ; but on awaking, the will reasserts its power, and

protests against the folly of such mourning. He would therefore dismiss the phantom, Sorrow.

V. *He sometimes hesitates, as at something half sinful, when giving expression to his sadness; because words at best only partially declare what the Soul feels; just as outward Nature cannot fully reveal the inner life.*

He sometimes hesitates, as at something half sinful, when giving expression to his sadness; because words at best only partially declare what the Soul feels; just as outward Nature cannot fully reveal the inner life.

But "after all" words act like narcotics, and numb pain: so, as if putting on "weeds," the garb of mourning, he will wrap himself over in words; though these, like coarse clothes on the body, give no more than an outline of his "large grief."

VI. *The "common" expressions of sympathy with our trouble are very "common-place"—*

The "common" expressions of sympathy with our trouble are very "common-place"—

"Vacant chaff well-meant for grain."

A friend asks, "Why grieve?" "Other friends remain;" "Loss is common to the race;" as Hamlet's mother says, "All that live must die." Is this comfort? rather the contrary. We know it is so—

"Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break."

The father drinks his son's health at the war, in the moment when that son is shot.

The mother prays for her sailor-boy when

"His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

The girl is dressing before the glass, and strives to array herself most becomingly for her expected lover; and he meanwhile is either drowned in the ford, or killed by a fall from his horse—

"O what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good?  
To her perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend."

These were all as unconscious of disaster as was the Poet, who, “to please him well,” was writing to Hallam in the very hour that he died.

There is a fine passage in Jeremy Taylor’s “Holy Dying,” which contains a like rumination on the uncertainty of life.

“The wild fellow in *Petronius* that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garments, and carried by his civil enemy the sea towards the shore to find a grave; and it cast him into some sad thoughts; that peradventure this man’s wife in some part of the Continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man’s return; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man’s cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father’s arms.

“These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs; a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, an hard rock and a rough wind dashed in pieces



the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck."

VII. *He is not here ; but far away.*

He persists in indulging his melancholy, and so creeps, "like a guilty thing," at early morning to the door of the house in London where Hallam had lived—Wimpole Street—but this only serves to remind him that

"He is not here ; but far away."

The revival of busy movement on a wet morning in "the long unlovely street,"<sup>a</sup> is vividly described—

"The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

VIII. *He next compares himself to the disap-*

He next compares himself to the disap-

<sup>a</sup> It is said of a celebrated clerical wit, that almost his last words were, "All things come to an end"—a pause—"except Wimpole Street."

pointed lover who "alights" from his horse,  
calls at the home of his mistress,

"And learns her gone and far from home."

So, as the disappointed lover, to whom the whole place has at once become a desert, wanders into the garden, and culls a rain-beaten flower, which she had fostered; even thus will he cherish and plant "this poor flower of poesy" on Hallam's tomb,\* because his friend when alive had been pleased with his poetic power.

IX.

This poem commences an address to the ship that brings Hallam's body from Vienna to England—

"My lost Arthur's loved remains."

No words can be more touching than

\* \* This reminds one of the *Jour des morts*—All Souls' Day, or The Day of the Dead, when it is a Continental custom to visit the graves of relatives and friends, with pious offerings of flowers, &c.

his appeal to the vessel,<sup>a</sup> for care and tenderness in transporting its precious freight. He bids it come quickly; "spread thy full wings," hoist every sail; "ruffle thy mirror'd mast;" for the faster the ship is driven through the water, the more will the reflected mast be "ruffled" on its agitated surface. May no rude wind "perplex thy sliding keel," until Phosphor the morning star, Venus shines; and during the night may the lights<sup>b</sup> above and the winds around be gentle as the sleep of him—

"My Arthur, whom I shall not see,  
Till all my widow'd race be run—"

until my life, bereaved of its first affection,  
be over.

In Poem xvii., 5, the same line occurs—

<sup>a</sup> This invocation to the ship reminds one of Horace's appeal to the vessel that was to bring Virgil home;—<sup>a</sup>

*Navis, quæ tibi creditum  
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis  
Reddas incolumem, precor;  
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.*

Lib. I., Ode 3.

<sup>b</sup> "Sphere" *glomera*.

"Till all my widow'd race be run," and it agrees with St. Paul's declaration, 2 Tim., iv., 7, "I have finished my course." The words *race* and *course* are synonymous, and refer to the foot-races of the ancients. "More than my brothers are to me," is repeated in P. lxxix., 1.

x. *Sh. f. of a ship*

Very beautifully is the picture continued of the ship's passage, and he appeals to it for safely conducting

"Thy dark freight, a vanish'd life."

The placid scene, which he had imagined as attending the vessel, harmonizes with the home-bred fancy, that it is sweeter

"To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains ;"

that is, to be buried in the open church-yard ;

"Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God."\*

\* This fruit of the vine, Matt. xxvi., 29.

that is, in the chancel of the church, near the altar rails; than if, together with the ship, "the roaring wells" of the sea

"Should gulf him fathom deep in brine;  
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,  
Should toss with tangle<sup>a</sup> and with shells."

# XI.<sup>†</sup>

This Poem would describe a calm and quiet day in October—late autumn.

No doubt, the scenery described *does not refer to Clevedon, but to some Lincolnshire wold, from which the whole range from marsh to the sea was visible.*

The stillness of the spot is just broken by the sound of the horse chestnut fall-

<sup>a</sup> "Tangle," or "oar-weed," *Laminaria digitata*, says the Algologist, "is never met with but at extreme tide-limits, where some of its broad leather-like fronds may be seen darkly overhanging the rocks, while others, a little lower down, are rising and dipping in the water like sea-serpents floated by the waves." Plato, *Rep.*, x., has a noble comparison from the story of Glaucus (498): "We must regard the soul as drowned (*καυσιμωον*) like the sea-god, Glaucus; who, buffeted and insulted by the waves, sank, clustered with *βίτται* *τε*, *καὶ φύκια*, *καὶ κίτται*."

ing\* through the dead leaves, and these are reddening to their own fall. No time of the year is more quiet, not even is the insect abroad: the waves just swell and fall noiselessly, and this reminds him of

"The dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

XII. . . . .

An ecstasy follows: in which the soul of the Poet seems to mount, like a dove rising into the heavens with a message of woe tied under her wings; and so the disembodied soul leaves its "mortal ark"—"our earthly house of this tabernacle"—(2 Cor. v., 1) and flees away .

"O'er ocean-mirrors pounded large"

(the sea line constantly expanding and

\* In the month of October, 1884, I walked in the thickly wooded precincts of Hughenden Manor, the seat of the Earl of Beaconsfield; and I never heard the horse chestnuts patter to the ground as then and there. Quite ripe, they were constantly falling; and as they touched the gravelled walk the shell opened, and out sprang the richly coloured chestnut.—A. G.

always being circular), until the ship comes in sight, when it lingers "on the marge," the edge of the sea, weeping with the piteous cry—

"Is this the end of all my care?  
Is this the end? Is this the end?"

Then it flies in sport about the prow of the vessel, and after this seems to

"return  
To where the body sits, and learn,  
That I have been an hour away."

XIII. *the diff. culty of apprehending*  
The tears shed by the widower, when he wakes from a dream of his deceased wife, and "moves his doubtful arms" to find her place empty; are like the tears he himself is weeping over "a loss for ever new," a terrible void where there had been social intercourse, and a "silence" that will never be broken. For he is lamenting

"the comrade of my choice,  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human-hearted man I loved,  
A Spirit, not a breathing voice."

Hallam is now only a remembrance—no longer endowed with bodily functions, and the survivor cannot quite accept what has happened. \*

He therefore asks Time to teach him "many years"—for years to come—the real truth, and make him feel that these strange things, over which his tears are shed, are not merely a prolonged dream; and he begs that his fancies, hovering over the approaching ship, may quite realise that it brings no ordinary freight, but actually the mortal remains of his friend.

XIV. *The difficulty in apprehending his complete loss is further shown by his address to the ship, saying, that if it had arrived in*

• The difficulty in apprehending his complete loss is further shown by his address to the ship, saying, that if it had arrived in



port, and he saw the passengers step across the plank to shore; and amongst them came Hallam himself, and they renewed all their former friendship; and Hallam, unchanged in every respect, heard his tale of sorrow with surprise:

"I should not feel it to be strange."

Both this and the previous Poem express the difficulty we feel in realising the death of some one who is dear to us. So Cowper wrote, after losing his mother, and in expectation that she would yet return:

"What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
And disappointed still, was still deceived."

#### XV. A Stormy Day.

A stormy change in the weather occurs: the winds "roar from yonder dropping day," that is, from the west, into which the daylight is sinking. And all the sights and sounds of tempest alarm him for the safety of the ship, and

"But for fancies which aver  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a pane of molten glass,<sup>a</sup>  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir  
That makes the barren branches loud."

Yet, in fear that it may not be so—the sea calm and the wind still—"the wild unrest" would lead him to "dote and pore on" the threatening cloud, and the fiery sunset.

# XVI.

This Poem is highly metaphysical. He asks whether Sorrow, which is his abiding feeling, can be such a changeling, as to alternate in his breast betwixt "calm despair" (see P. xi., 4) and "wild unrest?" (see P. xv., 4), or does she only just take this "touch of change," as calm or storm prevails? knowing no more of transient form, than does a lake that holds "the

<sup>a</sup> In Job xxxvii., 18, we read, "Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking glass?" This term applies equally well to the sea.

shadow of a lark," when reflected on its surface.

Being distinct from bodily pain, Sorrow is more like the reflection than the thing reflected. But the shock he has received has made his mind confused, and he is like a ship that strikes on a rock and founders. He becomes a

"delirious man,  
Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
And flashes into false and true,  
And mingles all without a plan."\*

XVII. He hails the ship

He hails the ship—"thou comest"—and feels as if his own whispered prayer for its safety, had been helping to waft it steadily across the sea. In spirit, he had seen it move

"thro' circles of the bounding sky"—

the horizon at sea being always circular (see P. xii., 3)—and he would wish its

\* See 2 Cor. xii., 2.

speedy arrival, inasmuch as it brings "all I love."

For doing this, he invokes a blessing upon all its future voyages. It is now bringing

"The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run."<sup>a</sup>

**XVIII. The arrival of the ship.**

The ship arrives, the "dear remains" are landed, and the burial is to take place.

It is something, worth the mourner's having, that he can stand on English ground where his friend has been laid, and know that the violet will spring from his ashes.

Laertes says of Ophelia,

"Lay her in the earth  
• And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!"

A beautiful invitation follows to those, who are sometimes irreverent bearers:

<sup>a</sup> See P. ix., 5.

"Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead."\*

Even yet, before the grave is closed, he would like, as Elisha did on the Shunammite woman's child, to cast himself, and

"thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me ;"

but still he resolves to form the firmer resolution, and to submit ; though meanwhile treasuring the look and words that are past and gone for ever.

## XIX.

From the Danube to the Severn—from Vienna to Clevedon—the body has been conveyed, and was interred by the estuary

\* The tenant farmers on the Clevedon estate, were the bearers. The Rev. William Newland Pedder, who was Vicar of Clevedon for forty years, and died in 1877, read the burial service. The "familiar names" are those of the Elton family, which are recorded both on brass and marble in the church.

of the latter river, where the village of Clevedon stands.\*

The Wye, a tributary of the Severn, is also tidal; and when deepened by the sea flowing inward, its babbling ceases; but the noise recurs when the sea flows back.

So does the Poet's power of expressing his grief alternate: at times he is too full in heart to find utterance; he "brims with sorrow"—but after awhile, as when "the wave again is vocal in its wooded" banks,

"My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then."

\* The corpse was landed at Dover, and was brought by sixteen black horses all the way to Clevedon—so says Augustus James, who, when a boy, witnessed the interment. Sir A. H. Elton, the late Baronet, kindly corroborated this statement. Besides the coffin, there was a square iron box, deposited in the vault, which may have contained

"The darken'd heart that beat no more."

It is certain that the Poet always thought that the ship put in at Bristol.

Hallam's family resided in London, which accounts for the mourners coming from so great a distance. Augustus James told me, that the funeral procession consisted of a hearse and three mourning coaches, each of which was drawn by four horses; and he saw the sixteen animals under cover after their journey. My friend, Mr. Edward Malan, heard the same story from A. James.

XX. *He is a man*

He knows the "lesser grief" that can be told, also the "deeper anguish which cannot be spoken:" his spirits are thus variably affected.

In his lighter mood, he laments as servants mourn for a good master who has died:

"It will be hard, they say, to find  
Another service such as this."

But he is also visited by a sense of deeper deprivation, such as children feel when they lose a father, and

"see the vacant chair, and think,  
How good! how kind! and he is gone."

XXI. *The representation of the  
the poet's own*

This Poem opens as if Hallam's grave was in the churchyard, where grasses waved; but it was not so, he was buried inside Clevedon church.

The Poet imagines the reproofs, with which passers-by will visit him for his unrestrained grief. He would "make weak-

ness weak:" would parade his pain to court sympathy, and gain credit for constancy; and another says, that a display of private sorrow is quite inappropriate at times, when great political changes impend, and Science every month is evolving some new secret.

He replies, that his song is but like that of the linnet—joyous indeed when her brood first flies, but sad when the nest has been rifled of her young.

XXII. *For four sweet years, from flowery spring to snowy winter, they had lived in closest friendship;*

For "four sweet years," from flowery spring to snowy winter, they had lived in closest friendship;

"But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,"

"the Shadow fear'd of man," grim Death,  
"broke our fair companionship."

\* Hallam died on the 15th September, 1833, and the survivor, eagerly pursuing, can find him no more, but



"thinks, that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me."

His own spirit becomes darkened by gloomy apprehensions of superimpending calamity.

XXIII.

Feeling his extreme loneliness, yet "breaking into songs by fits" (which proves that *In Memoriam* was written at intervals),<sup>a</sup> he wanders sometimes to where the cloaked Shadow is sitting—Death,

"Who keeps the keys of all the creeds"—

inasmuch as only when we die shall we know the whole truth; and "falling lame" on his way, that is, stumbling in his vain enquiries as to whence he came and whither he is going, he can only grasp one feeling, which is, that all is miserably changed since they were in company—

<sup>a</sup> It is a fact, that the Poem was written at both various times and places—through a course of years, and where their author happened to be; in Lincolnshire, London, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales, anywhere, as the spirit moved him.

friends enjoying life together, travelling in foreign lands, and indulging in scholarly communion on classic subjects.

XXIV.\*

But, after all, was their happiness perfect? No, the very sun, the "fount of Day," has spots on its surface—"wandering isles of night." If all had been wholly good and fair, this earth would have remained the Paradise it has never looked, "since Adam left his garden," as appears in the earlier editions; but now the line runs,•

"Since our first sun arose and set,"

Does "the haze of grief" then magnify the past, as things look larger in a fog?• Or does his present lowness of spirits set the past in relief, as projections are more

\* The effect of vapour in magnifying objects is shown towards the end of the Idyll, "Guinevere," where it says

"The moony vapour rolling round the King,  
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it."

• Can "the haze of grief" refer to the tear, which acts as a magnifying lens?

apparent when you are beneath them? Or is the past from being far off always in glory, as distance lends enchantment to the view; and so the world becomes orb'd

“into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein?”

We are told that, if we were placed in the moon, we should see the Earth as—“the perfect star”—having a shining surface, and being thirteen times larger than the moon itself.

## XXV.

All he knows is, that whilst with Hallam, there was Life. They went side by side, and upheld the daily burden.

He himself moved light as a carrier bird in air, and delighted in the weight he bore because Love shared it; and since he transferred half of every pain to his dear companion, he himself was never weary in either heart or limb.

XXVI.

Dismal and dreary as life has become, he nevertheless wishes to live, if only to prove the steadfastness of his affection. And he asks that if the all-seeing Eye, which already perceives the future rottenness of the living tree, and the far off ruin of the now standing tower, can detect any coming indifference in him—any failure of Love—then may the "Shadow waiting with the keys" "shroud me from my proper scorn;"\* may Death hide me from my own self-contempt!

"In Him is no before." Jehovah is simply, *I am*, to whom foresight and foreknowledge cannot be attributed, since past and future are equally present.

The morn breaks over Indian seas, because they are to the east of us.

\* "My proper scorn"—*proprius*—is scorn of myself, an imprecation. See Lancelot's self-condemnation at the end of "Lancelot and Elaine."

## XXVII.

He neither envies the cage-born bird  
 "that never knew the summer woods,"  
 and is content without liberty; nor the  
 beast that lives uncontrolled by con-  
 science; nor the heart that never loved;  
 "nor any want-begotten rest," that is, re-  
pose arising from defective sensibility.

On the contrary,

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved at all."

Seneca in Epistle 99 says, *Magis gauderes  
 quod habueras quam mœreres quod amiseras*  
 —See P. lxxxv., 1.

The Poem seems to halt here, and  
 begin afresh with a description of Christ-  
 mastide.

## XXVIII.

Christmas Eve at Somersby, and pos-  
 sibly at the end of the year 1833. If so,  
 throughout the year he had been at ease,

until the blow came—he had “slept and woke with pain,” and then he almost wished he might never more hear the Christmas bells.

But a calmer spirit seems to come over him : as he listens to the Christmas peals rung at four neighbouring \* churches, and the sound soothes him with tender associations :

“ But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy ;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.”

Yule is Christmas, a jubilee which brings glad tidings of great joy to all people.

XXIX.

Having such “compelling cause to grieve” over the decease of Hallam,

• “as daily vexes household peace”—

for death is ever invading some home—

\* The churches are not to be identified. Those in the neighbourhood of Somersby have too small bell-towers to allow of change ringing. The sounds may have been only in the Poet's mind.

how can they venture to keep Christmas Eve as usual? He is absent, who when amongst them was so eminently social. But it must be done. "Use and wont," "old sisters of a day gone by," still demand what has been customary. "They too will die," and new habits succeed.

To the fourteenth chapter of Walter Scott's "Pirate," there is the following motto from "Old Play," which meant Scott's own invention :

"We'll keep our customs. What is law itself  
But old establish'd custom? What religion  
(I mean with one half of the men that use it)  
Save the good use and wont that carries them  
To worship how and where their fathers wor-  
shipp'd?

All things resolve to custom. We'll keep ours."

### XXX.

The Christian festival proceeds, and there is the family gathering, with such games as are common at this season; but sadness weighs on all, for they entertain "an awful sense of one

mute shadow"—Hallam's wraith—being present and watching them.

They sit in silence, then break into singing

"A merry song we sang with him  
Last year."

This seems to identify the time to be Christmas, 1833, as Hallam died on 15th September, 1833, but was not buried until January, 1834.

They comfort themselves with the conviction that the dead retain "their mortal sympathy," and still feel with those they have left behind. The soul, a "keen seraphic flame," pierces

"From orb to orb, from veil to veil,"  
and so traverses the universe.

Was the anniversary of our Saviour's birth, ever hailed in terms more sublime and beautiful!

"Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born."



## XXXI.

The mind of the poet has now taken a more strictly religious view of the situation ; and he would like to learn the secrets of the grave from the experience of Lazarus.

Did Lazarus in death yearn to hear his sister Mary weeping for him ? If she asked him, when restored to life, where he was during his four days of entombment ;

“ There lives no record of reply,”

which, if given, might have “ added praise to praise ”—that is, might have sealed and confirmed the promise that “ blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

As it was, the neighbours met and offered congratulations, and their cry was,

“ Behold a man raised up by Christ !

The rest remaineth unreveal’d ;

He told it not ; or something seal’d

The lips of that Evangelist.”

It is only St. John who records the miracle.

XXXII.

At a subsequent visit to Simon's house in Bethany, where both Lazarus and Mary were present, Mary's eyes, looking alternately at her brother who had been restored to life, and at our Lord who had revived him, are "homes of silent prayer;" and one strong affection overpowers every other sentiment, when her "ardent gaze" turns from the face of Lazarus, "and rests upon the Life"—Christ, the author and giver of life.

*Vita vera, vita ipsa.*

Her whole spirit is then so "borne down by gladness," that

"She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears." <sup>a</sup>

No lives are so blessed as those which consist of "faithful prayers:" no attachments so enduring as those which are based on the higher love of God.

But are there any souls so pure as to

<sup>a</sup> John, xii., 3

have reached this higher range of feeling ;  
or, if there be, what blessedness can equal  
theirs ?

XXXIII. *a warning to*

This Poem is abstruse, and requires  
thought and care for the interpretation of  
the Poet's meaning.

It seems to be an address of warning  
and reproof to a moral pantheist, who  
fancies that he has attained a higher and  
purer air, by withholding his faith from all  
"form," and recognising Deity in every-  
thing—his faith having "centre every-  
where."

This sceptic is warned from disturbing  
the pious woman, who is happy in her  
prayers to a personal God ; for they bring  
an "early heaven" on her life. Her faith  
is fixed on "form ;" and to flesh and  
blood she has linked a truth divine, by  
seeing God incarnate in the person of  
Christ.

The pantheist must take care for himself, that, whilst satisfied

"In holding by the law within,"  
the guidance of his own reason, he does not after all fail in a sinful world, "for want of such a type," as the life of Christ on earth affords.

"A life that leads melodious days," is like that of Vopiscus, in his Tiburtine villa, as described by his friend, Statius, I., iii., 20.

—*cen veritus turbare Vopisci  
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.*

•

XXXIV. *His own dim conscious-  
tells that Life will never*  
His own dim consciousness should teach him thus much, that Life will never be extinguished. Else all here is but dust and ashes. The earth, "this round of green," and sun, "this orb of flame," are but "fantastic beauty"—such as a wild Poet might invent, who has neither conscience nor aim.

Even God can be nothing to the writer, if all around him is doomed to perish; and he will not himself wait in patience, but rather "sink to peace;" and, like the birds that are charmed by the serpent<sup>a</sup> into its mouth, he will "drop head-foremost in the jaws of vacant darkness," and so cease to exist.

## XXXV.

And yet, if a trustworthy voice from the grave should testify, that there is no life beyond this world; even then he would endeavour to keep alive so sweet a thing as Love, during the brief span of mortal existence.

But still there would come

\* "The moanings of the homeless sea,"

and the sound of streams disintegrating and washing down the rocks to form future

<sup>a</sup> A South African snake—*bucephalus Capensis*—commonly called the "Boom-slange"—attracts birds into its mouth as prey, drawing them by an irresistible fascination. Dr. Smith, in his "Zoology of South Africa," describes the process.

land surfaces—"Æonian hills," the formations of whole æons being thus dissolved—and Love itself would languish under

"The sound of that forgetful shore,"

those new lands in which all things are obliterated and forgotten—knowing that its own death was impending.

But the case is idly put. If such extinguishing Death were from the first seen as it is when it comes, Love would either not exist; or else would be a mere fellowship of coarse appetites, like those of the Satyr, who crushes the grape for drunken revelry, and basks and battens in the woods.

XXXVI.

Although, even in manhood, the great truths of Religion only

• "darkly join,  
Deep-seated in our mystic frame'—

since at best we only see as through a glass

darkly : we nevertheless bless His name, who "made them current coin," so as to be generally intelligible. This was done by the teaching of Parables.

For Divine Wisdom, having to deal with mortal powers, conveyed sacred truth through "lowly doors," by embodying it in earthly similitudes ; because "closest words" will not explain Divine things, owing to the imperfection of human language ; "and so the Word had breath," "God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii., 16, and 1 John, 14), and by good works wrought the best of all creeds, which the labourer in the field, the mason, the grave-digger,

" And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
In roarings round the coral reef,"

even the savage of the Pacific Islands, can see and understand, being conveyed to him through both the miracles and parables of the Gospel.

XXXVII.

He imagines Urania, the heavenly Muse, to reprove him for venturing on sacred ground, and commenting on religious themes; as she would have him confine his steps to his own Parnassus, and there earn the laurel crown.

But his own tragic Muse, Melpomene, replies with the apology, that though unworthy to speak of holy mysteries, yet with his earthly song he had striven to soothe his own aching heart, and render a due tribute to human love; and inasmuch as the comfort he had drawn was "clasp'd in truth reveal'd," had its foundation in the Gospel: he daringly

"loiter'd in the Master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song."

Many readers of *In Memoriam* will have thanked its author for these trespasses upon the Holy Land, feeling indeed there was no profane intrusion.



Some will regret that he has changed the original line, "and dear as sacramental wine," into "and dear to me as sacred wine:" the purpose, one supposes, was that the reader should see that he spoke only for himself—"to me"—the meaning is unchanged, but the sound is rather flat.

## XXXVIII.

The sadness of his heart has fully returned, and the journey of life is dull and weary. The skies above and the prospect before him are no longer what they used to be, when Hallam was by. "The blowing season," when *plants are blossoming*: the "herald melodies of spring," when the birds proclaim that winter is past, give him no joy; but in his own songs he finds a "gleam of solace;" and if after death there be any consciousness retained of what has been left upon earth,

"Then are these songs I sing of thee  
Not all ungrateful to thine ear."

xxxix. *Yew.*

This Poem has been recently introduced, as already stated (see P. ii.). The Yew tree does really blossom, and form fruit and seed like other trees, though we may not notice it.

The Poet now says, that his "random stroke" on the tree brings off

"Fruitful cloud and living smoke ;"

Also that at the proper season

• "Thy gloom is kindled at the tips."

The fact is, that the flower is bright yellow in colour, but very minute ; and when the tree is shaken, the pollen comes off like dust, and then the tree seems to resume its old gloom.

• So the spirit of the Poet may brighten for a moment, and then return to its accustomed melancholy.

## XL.

He wishes "the widow'd hour" when he lost his friend, could be forgotten, or rather recalled like an occasion when the bride leaves her first home for "other realms of love." There are tears then, but April tears—rain and sunshine mixed; and as the bride's future office may be to rear and teach another generation—uniting grandparents with grand-children—so he has no doubt that to Hallam

"is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven."

But then comes this difference. The bride will return in course of time with her baby; and all at her old home will be happier for her absence—whereas

"thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
But thine in undiscover'd lands."

XLI.  
*Alas, alas, he is*

Whilst together upon earth they could advance in company, though Hallam's spirit and intellect were ever soaring upwards. Now, the links which united them are lost, and he can no longer partake in his friend's transformations. So, (folly though it be,) he wishes that, by an effort of will, he could

"leap the grades of life and light,  
 And flash at once, my friend, to thee."

See P. xcv., 9.

For, though he has no vague dread of death and "the gulfs beneath," yet the chilling thought comes over him, that in death he may not be able to overtake his friend, but evermore remain "a life behind" him,

"Through all the secular to be"—

all future ages: and that so he shall be his mate no more, which is his great trouble.

"The howlings of forgotten fields"

is probably a classical allusion to those "fields" of mystic horror, over which the spirits of the departed were supposed to range, uttering wild shrieks and cries. Has Dante no such allusion?\*

This Poem intimates the idea of progress and advancement after death.

## XLII.

He reproaches himself for these fancies ; for inasmuch as it was only unity of place which gave them the semblance of equality here—Hallam being always really ahead—why may not "Place retain us still,"<sup>b</sup> when I too am dead, and can be trained and taught anew by this "lord of large experience?"

\* In Cary's translation of Dante's "Hell," canto iii., line 21, we find this note on what Dante and Virgil encountered in the infernal shades—" *Post hac omnia ad loca tartarea, et ad os infernalis baratri deductus sum, qui simile videbatur puteo, loca vero eadem horridis tenebris, factoribus exhalantibus, stridoribus quoque et nimis plena erant efusantibus, juxta quem infernum vernis erat infinita magnitudinis, ligatus maxima catena.*" *Alberici Virio*, § 9.

<sup>b</sup> If time be merged and lost in eternity, why may not place, all sense of locality, be equally lost in infinitude of space?

*"IN MEMORIAM."*

"And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows?"

There are no pleasures so sweet, as the imbibings of instruction from the lips of those who are both superior and dear to us.

It is evident that Hallam's translation in death, had exalted his friend's estimation of him whilst living, for see the Poet's note at the end of Poem xcvi.

XLIII.

If, in the intermediate state, we find that

• "Sleep and death be truly one"—

as St. Paul himself might lead us to believe—

"And every spirit's folded bloom"

—the slumbering soul being like a flower which closes at night—reposed, unconscious of the passage of time, but with silent traces of the past marked upon it ;<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> I remember holding a serious conversation with an enlightened physician, some years ago, who said, "I hardly

then the ~~lives~~ <sup>lives</sup> of all, from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> beginning of time, would contain in their shut-up state a record of all that had ever happened ;

“ And love will last as pure and whole,  
As when he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.”

At the resurrection, the old affection will revive.

#### XLIV.

How fare the happy dead? Here man continuously grows, but he forgets what happened

“ before  
God shut the doorways of his head ; ”  
that is, before the skull of the infant closed. Yet sometimes

“ A little flash, a mystic hint ”

like to venture the theory, but it almost seems to me, as if what is now said and thought becomes written on the physical brain, like a result of photography, and that a revelation of this transcript, may be our real accusers at the day of judgment.” Had Shakespeare any such notion, in making Macbeth say,

“ Raze out the written troubles of the brain ? ”











